

happenings hereabout—and elsewhere—  
—is one of the Colyum's happiest func-  
tions.

105.64

It may not be generally known that the Stevenses and Carpenders brought Christmas cheer in abounding quantities to the Somerset County Jail. They are not the sort who forget.

Among those who were especially remembered is one poor fellow charged with manslaughter, committed to jail last summer. He has languished there, unable to get a trial, and is likely to remain there for some months to come. The Hall-Mills case intervened to delay action on his case, and now, we understand, the Prosecutor has gone away for a month's well-earned rest.

All this is not in accord with the tradition of Jersey justice, swift and sure. Here is a man, unconvicted, and therefore presumably innocent, separated from his family and compelled to lie many long months in jail. It is on a par with the injustice meted out to Harry Carpenter who, notwithstanding the personal intercession of the most reputable and reliable witnesses, waiting upon the Prosecutor and establishing an absolutely perfect alibi, was kept in prison many months—for what purpose the Lord only knows.

And we doubt if He knows, since we doubt His intimate knowledge of and interest in Justice as she is being administered in the sovereign State of New Jersey.

We are not, ordinarily, timid. But it makes us shiver to think how a cop could come along and grab us, drag us away from this second-hand typewriter, throw us into a first-class cell and there leave us to stew while the wheels of what is humorously called "justice" merely took a few months off and ceased to "revolve."

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